

A S E A
OF THE
SEED'S Sufferings,
Through which Runs
A R I V E R
O F
Rich Rejoycing.

*Thick Darknes girds the hours of Death's black day,
A Mourning Seed weeps over her wry Way.
Damosels yet shall their Dowries large possess,
And dance at Marr'age, in the Lamb's Wifes Dress.
But whilst the Earth Blood, as a Garment, wears ;
Upon her Face I'll drop my trickling Tears.
In this my Sea, that Soul which wadeth deep,
Shall know my Flood-fluce, and apart shall weep,
Filling his measure under Pharaoh's frown ;
His End shall be to wear a weighty Crown.*

Written in the Year, 1659, in Rome-Prison of Mad-men,
By the extream Suffering Servant of the Lord,
J O H N.

London, Printed for Robert Wilfon, at the sign of the Black-spread-
Eagle and Windmill, in Martins Le Grand, 1661.

A S A

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Rich. R. R. R.

To the Congregation in the Valley of Megiddon, which
are come to the Mourning, as it was in the Dayes
of Hadadrimmon.

I Am a Worm *poor and low*, which in the Earth doth creep,
Hid as the *tender Plant* with *Snow*, in time of winter deep.
So saith the Seed, grievous *Oppressions* long have bin
My *weighty burthens*: ages spreading clouds of sin
Have *wrapt* me up, and *roul'd* me under trouble;
I stand *the same*, they *perish'd* as a *bubble*.

(Seas
Hills, Mountains, Rocks have *cover'd* me, procelssive swelling
Weights, raging waves I *feel* and *see*, my burden's without ease
In *Egypt's* Land, wherein, like as a *slave*, I'm bound,
And made the *subject* of her Rulers *arrows* wound;
And in my *bleeding* state am made the *stock*,
Which ev'ry *heart* therein doth *hate* and *mock*,

I as the innocent *Turtle-dove*, that's left without a *mate*,
Do mourn in *secret*, full of *love*, while all flesh doth me *hate*:
And in the *Wilderness*, like as a helpless *Lamb*
Doth *lie*, bleating out *grief* at side of a *dead dam*;
And like a *Babe* at a *dead Mothers* breast,
Strugling for *Milk*; so am I without *rest*.

Doth *Violence* in the Land *flow*, and am not I *oppress'd*?
I would that all Nations *did know*, how they have *dispossest*
Me of th' *Inheritance*, to which I was *Heir born*,
And shut me out of *doors*, and left me as *forlorn*,
Subject to *Sufferings*, in a *Sea* of *Anger*;
In all the Earth a *Pilgrim* and a *Stranger*.

Hunger, *Thirst*, *Nakedness*, and *Cold*, yea, pangs of pain I eat,
To which *Oppression* doth me *bold*, *Tears* are my *drink* & *meat*;
Sighs in the deeps do *gird* me, as a *swallowing-Bird*;
The Night's *black womb* of *wrath*'s my *bondage* in the Land.

Oh! where's the *Eye* that doth my *Sufferings* read?
Who am of *Jacob's loyns*, that *Worm* and *Seed*.

Nations, Hosts, mighty *Powers* as *one*, in *Battle array* are set :
Kings, Princes, Multitudes (unknown) their *Spears and Swords*
The alienated *Jew* and *Gentil's* fallen *Will*, (have what ;
United are, design'd mine innocent *blood* to *spill* :
Gog and Magog's great *Host* have thus decreed,
To cut down ev'ry branch of *Abraham's seed*.

I lodge in *Deserts* under *boughs*, which thorny trees have spread,
When I would *rise*, then *Hell* in *Vows* moves on this worm to
Who am that *Grain*, against which all the *World stands* (tread
In wilful *Enmity* and *Wrath*, in *Troops and Bands* :
As thus, as *desolate*, invol'd in *grief*,
Left *linguishing* in *Earth*, without *relief*.

I speak of *flesh*, the *flesh* of *Son of Man*,
Which past not *flaming Sword*, nor *fiery Fan*.

Though I do *pant*, all *flesh* is as an *Adamant*,
My *trickling drops* man's spirit doth not *move*
Of *sweating blood*, encraving on me as a *flood* :
Ah! how *each day* doth he *gain-say* my *love*.

My *Virtue pure*, his *Lust* abhors, which doth *allure*
God's host of *Angels*, in the *Heav'ns* to *wed* ;
Though I *descend*, yet mark, man's desperate *curst end*,
In *Oath* he's *bound*, deadly to *wound* my *head*.

What shall I *say*? *Blood* is the *travel* of my *day*;
Earth's thundering rage, blown forth by *Lightning's* breath,
Doth *post and fly*, pursuing *Life* ; Ah! hear my *Cry* :
What! shall I *weep* in *Oceans deep* to *Death*?

I could not *hope* but that each *figh* and *groan*,
With ev'ry *tear* is dropt before God's *Throne*.

5

A Song for that Assembly.

HEaring the Seed's *sore cryes*, my heart did think,
How *bitter* is the *Cup* given thee to *drink*?
And *pond'ring* well, mine Eye did plainly see,
That, like *spread-netts*, sorrows have compass'd thee.

Whilst in the *shallow waters* I did wait,
Like as the *least*, I saw thee made the *bait*,
The little *Dolphin's* spawn, in ev'ry hour
Pursu'd by *Fishes*, which would thee *devour*.
And whilst I *waited*, the *Deepes* did me *cover*,
Wherein I saw, where thou *swim'st* *swift* to *hover*,
The *Whale*, the *Shark*, the *Porpos*, and the *Hake*
In *schools* do chase thee *fierce*, a prey to *make*:
Holes then in *Rocks* thou mak'st thy *hiding-place*,
To save thy *Life* from their most *cruel chase*.
Thou *swim'st* in *Deepes* the longest course of *fears*,
There's not another which such *Suffring* bears.
When unto *shore* I came with *lift-up head*,
Thy many *Woes* on *Earth* I plainly *read*;
And then in *secret* said, Sure *few* do *wey*
Thy *Suffrings* *great*; hunted as for the *prey*
Of *Wolf*, *Fox*, *Lion*, *Tigar*, and of *Bear*,
Which *howl* and *roar* thy *Lamb-like* flesh to *tear*.
Wild-Asses snuff up *Wind*, *fed-horses* rush
All *against* thee; *Balkan's* black *Bulls* do *push*
With all their *force* and *might*, with *strong-set horns*,
Pointed like *Spears*, as *sharp* as *pricking thorns*.
The *Cockatrice* hid in a *secret place*,
His *Jaws* hold *venom*, to *spit* in thy *face*.
The *Crocodile*, with *Man's* voice feigns his *cry*.
To *slay thy life*, he *weeps* in *subtily*;
If that in *pity* thou shouldst *haste* to *see*,
What should the *cause* of such *sore mourning* be,
Thus, as a *snare*, in *secret* he doth *watch*,
Thy *tender Life*, his *deadly mind* to *catch*.

Whilst

Whilst standing still, and lifting up mine eye,
 Flocks of devouring Birds I did espy,
 In th' Air, with watching eyes, soaring aloft.
 At which I suddenly conceiv'd the thought,
 And in the secret closet of my mind,
 I said, They seek the little Wren to find,
 Which in much fear in Thickets hid doth lie,
 Whilst Hawks and Vultures over thee do fly;
 Their Bills and Tallants all prepared are,
 Watching thy rising, at thy Life to sparre:
 The Eagle flyeth with a fixed will,
 To tear thy tender flesh with her strong Bill:
 The Ostrich great, which Iron can digest,
 Prepares her appetite on thee to feast:
 The cruel Dragon of the Wilderness,
 Pursues thee fierce in time of thy distress,
 With clashing wings and scales, flying most swift,
 As if to find thee, Heaven and Earth would sift;
 He spues out deadly venom, as a flution;
 Restless in life, whilst seeking thy destruction.
 The fiery-flying Serpent's flaming breath
 Spreads burning in the Earth, seeking thy Death,
 Many a subtil twist with tail, and wrench
 With head and body, he works to entrench
 Upon the borders of thy Liberties,
 Thereby to catch thee as a prey and prize:
 He stretches Wings in Elements most high,
 Burning in flames, as he his course doth fly.
 Aloft, ascending, shining in the Air,
 As if he were a blazing-star most fair;
 And as the Polisher of Hell's wombs inares
 In sort most subtil sets his blocks and bars,
 Thy pure path to pervert, and cause to stumble
 Thee unto losse of Life, thou sweet and humble.
 Mine Eye reverted to the Earth again,
 I saw the ground, in which thou long hast lain:
 The sight was sad, a pure Lilly-seed
 Compast with ev'ry noisome hurtful Weed;
 Thistles

*Thistles and Brambles over thee affires,
With choaking Thorns, and destructive Bryars.
Through cloven Mountains things I clearly did
Behold, which in Earth's womb in Deep's lay hid,
A Treasure vast of Silver and of Gold
Of price uncounted, never by man told.
Though sad to cite the shape in which it lay,
Like ragged Rocks in Oar, in hue like Clay;
Absconding Virtue, whilst not separate
From the corrupted dross and Reprobate,
Wanting its splendor illustrious and bright,
Which purg'd, is seen by ev'ry open sight.
Beneath the Oceans, which the Earth doth measure,
Mud, Sands, and Craggy Rocks conceal a Treasure;
The Carbuncle, and ev'ry precious Gem;
The Saphir, Pearl, and the Diadem;
The Rubie, Emerald, and Onix-stone,
With what's unnam'd, and unto man unknown:
Besides, in her dark womb I saw reveal'd
A smother'd substance, in whose bowels seal'd,
Is all fulness of Virtue and Perfection;
But what avails? Death's chains hold in subjection.
Have I not therefore all day long to cry,
Oh! Sorrows, Woes, Oh! immense Misery?
Verily, since these things I've seen and felt,
My heart within me like as Wax doth melt:
Oh! Pressures, Pressures, Bleedings, Sorrows, Cries!
Remembring Jacob; tears run down mine Eyes;
My Bed's sore pangs; my Cap holds Woes, deep measure;
I wrap my soul in care, despising pleasure.
Thou Drop, Thy Channel's more than many Brooks,
On Thy Grief's Streams my mourning spirit looks;
Yea, for thy sake my Bowels are a River,
Pour'd on the ground's, my Reins, my Heart and Liver.
Whilst carnal, did I then a thought retain,
That Man so brutish was in his disdain?
Was it conceived by me in the least,
His Nature more Oppressive than the Beast?*

Nay:

Nay : 'twas not clear in *substance* comprehended,
That he from *Nature's bonds* was thus descended ;
Instead of *Perseverance*, vile *Regression*,
Disjoyn'd from *Mercy*, united to *Oppression*.

Oh Seed! how much more might mine heart *excite* ?
Too tedious for my *Hand* and *Pen* to *write* ;
Thy more abundant *Sufferings* than what man,
Yea, all below the *Sun*, discover *can*.
How like an hungry wand'ring *Orphant* poor,
With bleeding *Bowels*, thrust from ev'ry *Door*,
By *Cruelty* of what's thine own *bereau'd* ;
Though coming to *thine Own*, yet not *receiv'd* !

There's not a *Covenant* in *Earth* so *true*,
Nor *Law* so *just*, to give to *Thee* thy *due*,
Of *Pitty*, *Mercy*, *Justice*, all *deny'd* ;
Of *Men* *abhor'd*, *despis'd*, of all *desi'd*.
When I saw these, and many *secrets* more
Of *Sorrows*, which I have *seal'd* up in *store*,
And plainly knowing that beyond *Conception*,
Grief is thy *Portion*, through *Man's ill Rejection*.
The matter deeply sank into my *heart*,
And there *stuck fast*, like as a *wounding dart*.
The more I *mus'd*, the more my thoughts *increast* :
VVhat shall I say ? I'll signify the *least*.
VVhat *all* ? yea, all, and more than I do *mention*,
Feeds thy *sad soul* with *sighs*, Ah ! *doleful pension*.
What *all* ? yea all *Kings*, *Peoples*, and their *Powers*,
Their *fenced Cities*, *Fortresses* and *Towers*.
VVhat *all* ? yea *all*, built wilfully as *Babel*,
With the same mind, which *Cain* slew just *Abel*.
VVhat *all* ? yea, *all*, against thee are *decreed*,
To leave thee *Root*, nor *Branch*, nor as a *Seed*.
VVhat *all* ? yea, *all's* thy *destiny* and *fate*,
The VVorld's *Oath* to hold the *Captiveate*.

Pond'ring, *Interrogation* mov'd in me ;
Saying, How shall this *Seed* deliver'd be ?
VVho can the troubled *Hosts* on *Earth* *suppress*,
Without which, Can he *Life* and *Peace* possess ?

How can it be *conceiv'd*, and much less *spoken*,
 Hell's *strength* and *stratagems* all to be *broken*?
 Who can rip up *Foundations* of *Mountains*,
 And *fix Bars* on the *Doors* of *unclean Fountains*?
 VWho knows the *Night's course* of the *Wolf* and *Fox*?
 And who can *trace* the *Serpent's path* on *Rocks*?
 VWho can shew measure *just* of *ev'ry flight*
 Of all the *Screech-Owls*, and the *Bats* by *night*?
 VWho can *trace twists*, and *search depths* of all *Holes*,
 Which are the *secret paths* of the *blind Moles*?
 I ask of all the *worldlings* *wise* as *Fools*,
 Can you still *Cockling-Races*, or *Whirl-Pools*?
 VWho can convert *Flames* into *flakes* of *Snow*?
 And, who can *stop* the *Ebb*, and make to *flow*?
 Can *Procreation* be without a *Dame*?
 And, who can ever make a *Panther Tame*?
 VWho can make *Seas* like unto the least *Fountain*?
 And make a *little Stone*, a *mighty Mountain*?
 How shall this be e're in *succeeding dayes*;
Jacob's most *small* and *low*, who shall him *raise*?

Let all *Generations* henceforth and for ever *know*, That the
 most *High GOD* hath his *secret habitation* with the *QUAKER*
 and *TREMBLER* at His *Word*, as may appear by the *Glory*
 of the *Voice* of his *Majesty*.

I girt my *Loyns* with strong *Steel-bands* of *fear*,
 Dread fill'd my *house*, whilst *Jah's face* did *appear*,
 My *Vitals* all became a *Silver Stream*,
 In *substance*, melted not, as in a *Dream*,
 Nor under *bonds* of *Magick's* gloomy *hour*;
 But in true feeling of *Celestial Power*.

Jehovah's Love, in *Life* did *move*,
 and *Wonders* did *enquire*,
 Of this *Worm low*, that I might *know*
 the *strength* of *Flames* of *Fire*.

Standing a little *still*, I heard, as read,
 A *Voice* ascending out of *Deep*s in dread.
 My *Int'rogations* quickly had an *end*,
 The *Word responsive* did me *comprehend*;
 Things *sealed up* in *Eternal Decree*
 From *Ages past*, in great fear *compast* me;
 So dreadful was the *Word*, which oft did *make*
 Me in my motion *stagger, reel and quake*.
 Thus said the Lord, *Hear Man*, and I'll *demand*,
 VVho round the *swelling Seas* hath fixt dry *Land*?
 VVho's he that maketh ev'ry *Fish's way*?
 And, who doth *bar* the *Night*, and *open Day*?
 VVho hath created *Wonders* in the *Deep*?
 And who feeds *Worms* which in her bottoms *creep*?
 Where's *he* who by his *Wisdom's words or wishes*,
 That's able t'answer me among the *Fishes*?
 The *Lempits spawn*, what *Man* hath seen to *tell*?
 And how gain'd she her *Cov'ring of a Shell*?
 VVho gave her *strength* fast to the *Rock* to *cleave*,
 That no *Fish else* of *life* can her *bereave*?
 Can *Man* this *secret* unseal and *unlock*,
 Whether another *substance* than the *Rock*
 Doth she *feed on*? let him in *Wisdom* *speak*,
 What *Instrument* hath she the *Rock* to *break*?
 VVho knows the *Spawn* which *Cockles & Mussels* shed,
 And what's the *substance* wherewith it is *fed*?
 VVho knows the *time* of their *Natures conception*,
 And when's the *moment* brought unto *perfection*?
 VVho leads the *Wrinkles* over *Mountains high*
 Of *craggy Rocks*, which in the *Oceans lye*?
 VVho built the *House* which she *bears* on her *back*,
 Wherein she's hid, as in a *sealed Sack*?
 Her *one Scale* opens and shuts; it's her *Door*,
 Wherewith she seals *salt moisture* up in *store*,
 That when the *Ebb* her *Lodge* to *Air* doth *give*,
 Till *Flood* returns she hath enough to *live*.
 VVas it by *Art* of wise *Princes or Kings*,
 Or, who gave to the *flying Fish* her *wings*?

Which

VVhich when pursu'd by other *Fishes* great,
 That would her *Life* destroy, and *Body* eat,
 Therewith in ev'ry *Chase*, *Life* to defend,
 Doth out of *Natures* Element ascend.
 Who gave the *Dolphin* her dear tender *Love*,
 And made her *swiftest* which in *Seas* do move?
 Who made *two* *Fishes* Weapons for to wear,
 Whereby they *swim*, dreadful with *Sword* and *Spear*;
 Though being *little*, and in substance *small*,
 Yet are a *Terrour* to the mighty *Whale*?
 VVho makes the *Oyster* gape with *ardent* heat
 In *Summer-time*, as if she wanted *meat*?
 And whilst yet thus her *shells* stand open wide,
 Who taught the *Crab-fish* to draw near her *side*,
 And with his *claw* a *Stone* therein to put,
 Whereby to save her *life*, she cannot shut?
 And thus is made the other *Fishes* *Bait*,
 Which for the same takes time to watch and wait.
 VVho gave some *Fishes* *fins*, others *walking* legs,
 And makes some *spinn*, and others to lay *Eggs*?
 VVho hatches *Tortles* *Eggs* hid in the *Sand*,
 And who sustains their *Life* by *Sea* and *Land*?
 VVho of a *Seed* hath made thee *flesh* and *bone*,
 And whereof made I every *precious* *Stone*?
 Of what's compos'd *Earth*, *Trees* and ev'ry *Plant*?
 And which was first, *LIGHT*, or the *ADAMANT*?
 Who answers? What, can *Man* reveal to me
 The *substance* whereof I compos'd the *Bee*?
 Who knows his *Art* which makes the *Honey-comb*?
 And, who made *Man* before a *Woman's* *Womb*?
 VVhat's the *Infusion*, who can it resemble,
 Which at the *Cock's-Crow* makes the *Lyon* tremble?
 The same which fills the *Elephant* with fear,
 When thar a *Mouse* before him doth appear.
 VVho taught *Jack-halls* to hunt the *Lyon's* prey,
 And *Pilot-fish*, to lead the *Shark* her way?
 One knows the *thing*, which to all *flesh* seems *strange*,
 How that *Camelion* her self doth charge

Into all Colours, perfect *White* excepted,
 Which by the *Law* for *Man's meat* is rejected.
 I bend th'exalted flames of *Phœbus* low,
Autumn to usher *Winter's birth* of *Snow*,
 Her *Travel*, as a *Vest*, on *Earth* doth spread,
 Wherein the *Night-steps* of *Wild-beasts* are read;
 VWhich though the *girdings* of the *Night* conceals
Day dawned, printed *Lines* to *Man* reveals.
 Though *Lions* roar, and *Wolves* do howl and bark,
Panther, with them I sent to *Noah's Ark*;
 A golden thrid I've given with clear sight,
 To measure the *blind Bats* and *Screech-Owls* flight,
 The *Moles* dark paths, a *Labyrinth* obscure,
 Yet scrutal *Worm* doth comprehend it sure.
 He which hath *Mose's Rod* in *Shiloh's Day*,
 Over a *Rock* can trace a *Serpent's way*.
 I built the *Seas* on each hand as a *Wall*,
 Which sav'd a *Seed*, and on an *Host* did fall.
 Remains there yet another doubtful thing,
 Which He that made all, cannot to light bring?
 WO R M, where wert thou ere *Adam* saw a *Day*?
 Or, who hath counsel'd me in mine own way?
 Did I choose *Compounds*, what man can me tell,
 To make a simple, *Poyson* to expel?
 Or, chose I *Drugs*, beneath *Lifes* proper seal,
 To make a *Salve* all *Sores* and *Wounds* to heal?
 Sought I mixt *Medicines* the *Plague* to cure,
 Or *Lethargy*, which loaths *Purgation* pure?
Logicians, *Lawyers*, *Chymists* and *Star-gazers*,
 Make *Smoak* in *Tophet*, they of *Men* amazers.
Arts painted *Image* with *Apology*,
 Is but the *Wash-pot* of *Theology*,
 Which tracks out *Hirelings* in their subtil traces,
 And spreads with *Dung* *Baals* *Diviners* faces;
 VWhilst *Light* reveals, a *skovel* is their tongue,
 Which in the *Bride-groom's room* heaps noisom *dung*
 So *dung* for *dung*, repaid's their equal way,
 Till their *work's* up, and *wrath* cuts down their stay.

In number of the *Just* they shall not rise;
 As the tree falls, it to consuming lies.
 For *Mammon's* sake they have the *Just* oppress,
 The *Simple* to deceive, my *Law* they wrest.
 They rob the *Poor*, and raven *Widdows* bread,
 With Joy of *Orphants* spoils they crown their head.
 Wherefore's I live, I'll fill their *Cup* with *Woe*,
 Th' effects of *Vengeance* shall their banks o'reflow.
 And he which slips the *Day* giv'n to repent,
 In *Judgment's* hour from hope of *Life*, I'll rent.
 Where's the *Philosopher*? what hath he found,
 Raking up *Rubbish* of black *Egypt's* ground?
 The cause of courses natural, which move
 With all effects, spring from a root of *Love*,
 VVhich *Wisdom* swaddles with a golden band,
 He builds not *Babel*, nor trusts *Art* of hand.
 VVheels out of frame do make the whole work jar,
 Fractions pursue whilst *Man's* bound in a snare,
 Through what his *Love* unnatural compounds
 Of *Roots*, *Stones*, *Oare*, and *Dirt* of divers grounds.
 It's but one simple *Virtue* doth unfold,
 VVhich touching *Metals* makes all pure *Gold*.
 VVho studies *Wisdom*? there's at each man's stall
 Teaching a *Seed*, he which hath one hath all;
 But *Man* whose *Wisdom* doth exalt his thought,
 VVithout the *Key* of *Rocks*, his *All* is nought;
 His *Rule*, *Progression* is; his own *Reduction*,
 His *Joy* and *Pleasure* prints his own *Destruction*.
 VVho answers me among the *Fowls* of *Heaven*,
 Which in the *Ark* were sav'd by numbers seven?
 Since *Noah's* day, who all their encrease took,
 And registred their numbers in a *Book*?
 Who couples them in season, as yoke't even?
 I'll yet demand of *Man* concerning seven.
 Who gave the *Wren* her treble *Voice* to sing,
 Conforting *Musick* with the *Timbrel* string;
 And in much *Joy*, sav'd from an evil chance,
 Makes her in *Summer* in *Vine* branches dance?

The *Red-breast's* shrill Notes singing on a *Rock*,
 Sounds as a *Shepherd* piping to his *Flock*;
 VVho gave the *love* which she bears in her *breast*,
 And *Innocency* for a seat of *rest*?
 VVho makes the *Thrush* in *Spring-time* to rejoyce,
 And gifted her with a *loud chanting Voice*?
 VVho gave the *Hand* her *quavering Keys* to feel,
 And *guides* the same, which turns her *Cymbal-wheel*?
 VVho *Black-birds* whistle, which makes *Woods* to ring?
 Sweet *Valleys* eccho whilst yet she doth sing,
 In *Deserts*; who from under *shadows* mute
 Raiseth her *Voice* to sing unto the *Lute*?
 VVho fills the *Nightingale* with *Harmony*,
 Her Tune transcending all in *Air* that fly?
 VVho strain'd her *seven strings* unto perfect *trayl*?
 Which makes the *Musick* on her well set *Vyal*;
 VVho makes the *Lark* ascend with *out-stretcht wing*,
 A Song of *Melody* on high to sing?
 Who hath her *Organ* unto *sweet Notes* bound,
 And *blows* the *Bellows* for her *Pipe* to-sound?
 And who hath given unto the *Turle-Dove*
 Her mind of *Chastity* and *pure Love*,
 And made her of her *Mate* so dear a *Lover*,
 That chusing *ONE*, she'l never chuse *Another*?
 Th'united *Harmony* let it be penn'd;
Musical Consort never shall have end,
 Who hastes these *seven* in flight with wide-spread wings
 In *Orion's house* to feast on *flesh* of *Kings*?
 Sit silent *Sodom*, for it's *Sion's Seed*,
 Which in the *seven-seal'd Roll* do run and read.
 I gave my servant *Moses* a pure measure,
 But now to *Shiloh* a more glorious *Treasure*;
 VVhose *Day* shall give an *Holy Seed* to see,
 Unto him gather'd *multitudes* to be.
 Can Man yet answer Me in *open fields*,
 Amongst the *tender Plants* which the Earth yeelds?
 Who makes the *Grass* to grow, and *Plant* to spring,
 The *Lilly seed*, and ev'ry *fragrant thing*?

Can he by all his *Wisdom, Will, or Power,*
 VVith all his *Compounds,* new, create one *Flower,*
 VVhich of Earth's *substance* shall partake and seed,
 And flourish, yeelding perfect *seeding Seed?*
 Can he the *nature* of the *Lilly's Seed,*
 Change into an *offensive hurtful Weed?*
 Or else the *Virtue* of the *Primrose-plant,*
 And *Violet* by all his *Wisdom, scant?*
 How *knows* he *when* the *virtu's* more or less?
 Hath he to *Curse,* and have not I to *BLESS?*
 Knows he that *Plant* which grows in *Woods* obscure,
 Whose root of *Pesilence* is perfect *cure?*
 I've seen *Physicians, Herbals* large, which want
 Description of that *fragrant Root* and *Plant:*
 Doth he know which of *ev'ry Seed* shall grow,
 Whilst yet in *hope* he spreads his hand to *sow?*
 Or when in *blade* sprang up *new-shot* in ear,
 Is he *assur'd* which *Reed* shall encrease bear?
 Who dwells in *Deeps,* where *Virtues* life reposes,
 Hid in the *Root,* which odours gives to *Roses?*
 VVho knows where *Pleiades* hath built his *Bowre*
 Of *Spices,* deck't with *ev'ry fragrant Flower?*
 VVho in the *Earth* hath digg'd so deep to see
 Him cloath'd with *Sap* of *ev'ry fruitful Tree?*
 VVho spreads the *Vine-leaf* as a *Summer-shade,*
 And as with *Jewels,* doth her branches lade?
 She prospers pleasant in the *Valleys* low,
 In *Vintage* making *Fats* to overflow.
 Can *Man,* whose *Study's* but as mudled mire,
 Make *Plants* in *Eden* spring of *sparks of fire?*
 Whilst *vertuous Shiloh,* which in *flames* reposes,
 Of *burning Coals* makes sprout forth *Damask Roses,*
 Which *Mortals* know not with which hand to handle,
 Whose *Light's* thick *Darkness,* spread by *Shiloh's Candle:*
 To whom *all souls* must come by *Transformation,*
 To know the *Work mysterious* of *Salvation,*
 He's full *possess,* which in his right hand reads
 His *Line of Life* unto *Perfection* leads;

VVhich

Which seals the doom of his most woful state,
 Whom death cuts off, in sin's chains captivate.
 Who answers me in word of Visitation,
 Which perfect tryal brings on ev'ry Nation?
 Who can set bars by strength of his right hand
 To bolt out famine, sent to smite a Land?
 Where is that King which on the Earth doth reign,
 Which fire, sword, and plague can bind and chain?
 And who can say, but those, and many more
 My Judgements, yet a little held in store
 Shall quickly sweep the earth, and in this wise
 Cut off all lovers of their lusts and lies?
 VWho numbred hath the arrows of my quiver,
 Prepar'd for battle, Jacob to deliver?
 Have I not said, there is for him a day
 At hand, and am I yet to seek the way
 In which mine own unsearchable Decree
 In all earth's compass perfected shall be?
 Can man's frail life and strength on his back bear
 The weight of my sheild, buckler, sword, and spear?
 Let vain man answer in his pride and lust,
 VWho made all Nations in ONE of the dust?
 Or, who gave Counsel, or materials brought,
 To assist me in all that I have wrought?
 VWill he not understand amid't his joy,
 That he which made, can ALL at once destroy?
 Kings, Princes, Nations, all degenerated,
 Have they more strength than what's of dust created?
 To David's sling, what is Goliath's spear?
 If I strike Dread, who's he that shall not fear?
 I could yet question man, time without end,
 VWhilft, in a word, all things I comprehend;
 But that in folly he himself may know,
 I'll sum up all in ONE of what's below.
 Can man whose contract in death's-day stands dated,
 Create a work of what's not yet created?
 VVorm, where wert thou before the sun ascended?
 Or e're that I my first days work had ended?

Or,

Or, where when the first fixed Stars did sing
A joyful Song of Praise to their high King?
Moreover, I demand vain man to prove,
Can he yet answer me in Heav'n's above?
Can man the Storms rebuke? or, can he check
The moving Winds? are Whirlwinds at his beck?
Can He the Heavens Influences sweet
Turn back, and cause that in the season meet,
Nor Heat, nor Cold, times tepid; Dews nor Rain
Shall be in all succeeding dayes again?
Can Man Heav'n's bright Clouds in his weak hand hold?
Or, all the moving Constellations fold,
And roul up in a secret place to hide
Them, where they never more shall be espied?
Or, is He such a Powerful Commander,
That at his beck all fixed Stars shall wander?
Can mortal Man in his corrupted will
Stop the Moon's course, or, make the Sun stand still?
Can he the Morning spot, or the Sun stain?
Or, can he Thunders bind, or Lightnings chain?
Can Man his hand to the third Heav'n's stretch,
And therewith violently make a breach
Through bars of Brasse, which bolt fast doors of Steel,
Much more in substance than Earth's Orb or Wheel,
And so lay waste in his fond will and pleasure,
What's there contain'd of Jacob's certain treasure?
Could he do all these, still I'm far above
The Heav'n of Heav'n's, where nought besides doth move,
Can Man cut off Strong-fire-all's renten Claws?
Or draw his Teeth out of his burning Jaws?
Doth Man's Eye make him tremble, with a look?
Or, can he rear his heart out with a hook?
Each of his Joynts are as an Iron hill,
His Teeth grinds Carcasses, as in a Mill;
His Nostrils flames seeth in his Cauldron Whales,
And fries the flesh of Kings in his cast Scales:
He gapes like Gulphs, as if he hungry were,
Thirsting for Blood, he roars the Prey to tear;

His *Furnace* fire in *Brain-pan* of his head,
 Boils *Cauls* and *Blood* of every heart, fat fed.
 Can Man his *brazen skin* rent as a rag?
 Or joynt his *tayl*, which *Ocean's* deeps do drag?
 He waves his *Wings* over his *Steel-barr'd Cage*,
 And *Storms* impetuous move in *roaring rage*;
 The foaming *Seas*, like *Mountains* full of breaches,
 His Motion *turbulent*, her *Womb's* deeps reaches;
 His glazed *sparkling Eyes* appear most fierce;
 Nor *Shot*, nor *Weapon* can his *Body* pierce;
Steel, *Brass* and *Iron* unto him are *straws*,
 Their strength *sev'n times* compos'd's not like his *Claws*,
 He shakes his *Back*, which makes his *Scales* to rattle,
 Like *shouts* and *clashings* of a *dreadful Battle*:
 Hath Man yet seen the *measure* of his *Bow*,
 And *Arrows* length? Or, how came he to know
 His *Golden Shrouds*, Six over ev'ry shade;
 The *Seventh* shuts in the *Mould* that he hath made?
 He walks in *secret* in the *deepest dark*,
 And leaves his *Relique*, it's a fiery *spark*;
 He marks his *Path* out by a *Line* obscure,
 If two would walk therein, one's snar'd most sure.
 Can he whose *Fame* spreads as *Abithophel*,
 Reach round that *Sphear* which is his lowest *Cell*?
 All's mean to me, which in thine *Ear* I sound;
Heights reach not me, nor *Deeps* the most profound.
 VVorm, where wert thou before *Time* did commence,
 And, what stood then against me as defence?
 VVho then was with me *counselling* in decree?
 Or, what, doth Man think *Time* hath alter'd Me?
 Man's mighty *Mountain's* now to me no more
 Than 'twas ere *Light* past through *Heav'n's* open dore.
 I see the *Counsels*, *Leagues*, and *Pow'rs* of *Hell*,
Satan and his *Angels* in that *black Cell*:
 The *Divil* had time with him that first did sin,
 And before that his *reign* did not begin.
 VVho yet, as *Prince* in *Earth* and *Air* doth reign,
 But is appointed unto *Seal* and *Chain*.

Death and Hell's Leagues, I'll disannul and save
 Jacob, from her wide Fens and loathsome Cave;
 It's One which all performs, who will not scant
 The just fulfilling of his Covenant.
 I'm He in Judgment and Truth, changing never,
 Yesterday the same, this day, and for ever.

God's glorious Sound did me confound,
 yea, and my Bowels break;
 Yet then as I, most low did lye,
 his Mercy heard me speak.

Oh! Thou which rent'st the Heav'ns, and mak'st the Earth to
 And overturnest all, like as a running *Wheels*, (reel,
 Hear me, O GOD, I pray, a little to declare,
 Who am in all things before Thee nak'd and bare.
 Thou measur'st Deeps beneath as the breadth of a hair,
 And as a span, the Heav'ns high, most bright and fair;
 Thy present Word and Power mine inward parts doth break,
 Oh! hear me yet a little, let me further speak;
 Mine eyes, mine eyes run down, this Flame my heart doth melt,
 I sow my tears as seed, since this Thy Pow'r I've felt;
 I'm very poor and low, like the least worm that creeps
 In th'Ocean's belly, swallowed with the immense Deeps:
 O GOD before Thee what am I? hear me, I pray,
 And till I have declar'd, turn not thy Face away.
 My breadth is as a Razor's edge, that's newly set,
 My height, as the breadth of a Needle's point sharp whet;
 Yea, comprehended is my stature with a thought,
 Unto thy Greatness, I'm, but as a thing of nought.
 I couch, I bend, I bow before thee in thy Throne,
 Thy Reign is Pow'r and Life, to corrupt man unknown.

*And the Lord answered me through the Clouds of the
Morning Dews, in a clear serene Day of the early
Spring.*

THOU Son of *Man*, lift up thine head and hear,
Thou naked art, therefore I say, draw near.
Like as a broken Bow thou shalt not start
From my Testimony, written in thy heart;
But with thy strength, enclin'd in pure fear
And dread, thou shalt witness of my NAME bear.
Moreover, Son of *Man*, give ear to me,
And I will make thee Counsels deep to see:
Behold the Drop of Blood which in the Earth doth lye,
Hath from her drowning Deeps raised a Cry,
Which like as Lightning's arrows most swift are,
It hath ascended above ev'ry Star;
And pierc'd Heav'n's bars, and mov'd me in my Throne,
In Righteousness to weigh the Cry and Groan:
But I the LORD which Counsel do reveal,
Do charge thee that the Secrets thou dost seal,
From ev'ry unclean, corrupt, vul'r'rous eye,
For whom's the WO and Dregs of misery;
How it shall be say not: dwell thou in Me,
Who hath a Sword and Scale giv'n thee to see,
With many other Instruments of praise,
Held in one hand that Drop of Blood to raise;
But thus thou may'st prophesie and dispense,
A Drop of Blood shall be a Sea immense;
A little Stone shall be an open Fountain,
And a dry bone shall be a mighty Mountain.
Moreover, in a day it comes to passe,
A Diamond spark shall cut an Earth of Brasse,
And all the Waters under Heav'n's divide
That open passage be from side to side
Of every Island, and all firm Lands,
A mighty Host to march in Troops and Bands,

Rais'd

Rais'd of a *Root*, Earth's *Globe* to compass round,
To seek the *Lost* until that it be found;
And in that Day shall be a dreadful *Wonder*,
A *panting Worm* shall be a *Voice of Thunder*;
The lower cloudy *Heav'n's* compos'd of *Steel*,
Which bands Earth's *brazen Circle* like a *Wheel*,
That *Orb* also, with what *encrease* it yeelds
In *fenced Gardens*, or in *open Fields*,
In a moment shall *melt away* like *Wax*,
As with the *sudden flames* of burning *Flax*,
Kindl'd by *motion* and *glance* of a *spark*,
Which *Dust* and *Ashes* cover in the *dark*;
Yet in the *fiery flames* there shall *remain*.
As unconsum'd, a *little simple grain*,
But all in Earth *besides* shall burn as *Tow*,
And perish, as the *Sun* dissolves the *Snow*.
Preach this to *proud flesh* which doth vainly *boast*,
A *Mustard seed* shall be a *mighty Host*,
Which shall a *Standard pitch*, and *Ensign* spread,
VVherein *Conquest* in *Battels* shall be read;
And then the *Worm* which hath crept *main'd* and *halt*
In *Ages past*, I highly *will exalt*;
VVhich I've *anointed* as *King of Salom*,
To *reign* for ever in *Jerusalem*;
To him that *ent'reth* then within her *Gate*
I'll give to *see the thing* that I *create*,
A *Lion* fierce, a *Lamb*, a *Lamb*, a *Lion*
VVhich shall *roar* out of the *Mountain Sion*;
VVhole *sound* shall be as *Trumps* unto the *Battle*,
VVhich in the four winds shall *ring* and *rattle*;
So *dreadful* shall the *Ecchoes* then rebound,
That all the *Dead* shall *hear*, buried in *ground*;
The *Sea* shall give up what lies in her *womb*,
With *Death*, and ev'ry *Sepulchre* and *Tomb*;
Then *Hē* shall *judge* all which do *Judgment wrest*,
Perverting Truth, which have the *Poor* oppress:
And as I live, I'll spread his *face* and *brow*
Seven-fold more wide than are the *Heav'ns* now;

And

And ev'ry *Eye* shall see what they have *hated*,
 A *Worm*, *Innocent*, mine own created :
 His *frown* shall be the *World's WO* and *DREAD*,
 Yea, ev'ry *soul* to *Him* shall bow the *head* ;
 His *Eye* shall pierce the *secrets* of all *hearts*,
 And in the *Guilty* shall fix wounding *darts* ;
 VVhich no *flesh* living shall at all *remove*,
 The *Recompence* of their *despite* of *love*.
 His *breath* as *Lightnings*, piercing as a *Lance*,
 In *dreadful flames* on ev'ry *soul* shall *glance*,
 Fulfilling *Vengeance* in the *Wicked's heart*,
 Ev'rlasting *burnings*, never to *depart*.
 Yea, with his *breath* all *pure Gold* shall *melt*,
 Which in *Heav'ns Treasure* shall be *seen* and *felt* ;
 And *pure Silver* shall run down as *streams*,
 With th'ardour of his *Rages* and *burning beams* :
 Lift up thine *head*, the *DAY* draws *very nigh*
 In which this *WORM* I will *exalt on high* ;
 And I the *JEALOUS* mov'd for his *relief*,
 Do charge thee *wait* in *content* and *belief* ;
 In th'*Ark* of the *New-Testament* abide,
 And in its *secret desk* see that thou *hide*
 The *written Rells* of *Fire* and *pure Gold*,
 Until the *Word* shall be, *Thou maist unfold* :
 The *Sum* of all thus *seal'd* up in thy *breast*,
 Lye down in *Peace* in the *Lamb's Endless Rest*.

To the Children of the Day.

NO *Dammage*, *hurt* nor *loss*, but *Gain's* won in the *Cross*.
 Let *Patience* all things *bear*, in *Trembling* and in *Fear*.
 (the *Gate*,
 Content thy *Mate*, in ev'ry *state*, leads to the *entrance* through
 Where all *within*, in *Joy* do *sing*, and *Crowns* of *Life* do *wear*.

At large I may not say, what I this *Holy Day*
 In pleasure do possess, whilst foes do me oppress, (read,
 But will proceed, to shew the need, of Jacob small that bruised
 That it may rouse, *LIFE* as a Sponse, to woo Him in distress.

This thing may many prove,
 behold, stretch wings of *Sion's Turtle Dove*,
 in swiftest course of flight do move,
 with weight of wooings unto love;
 A little simple Wren,
 waits with the Pen,
 in clear sight
 to write,
Amen.

A Son of *Sion* which in ardour pants
 Unto *Jerusalem's* Inhabitants,
 Provok'd in spirit, greeting to transmit,
 Doth of the same hereby himself acquit:
 Upon the Sabbath day which God hath blest,
 I waited in the Temple of his Rest,
 Until I saw a little moving Stone,
 To open as a Roll before the Throne,
 Wherein was written *Mysteries* profound,
 With many Prophecies, which compass round
 My soul in deeps of Contemplations,
 Oh! Immense, Immense Revelations.
 Though I'm a Worm to speak unto an Host
 Of Heav'n, yet mov'd in the Holy Ghost,
 I stand up arm'd with Courage, in Life bold,
 In Fear and Trembling, lest I should withhold
 To pay the Obligation, as my due,
 Discharged thus, by spreading in your view.

There is an Orphan in the Wilderness,
 Which wanting Bread, languisheth in distress;
 I cannot in a secret place repose,
 To hide my self from the afflicted's woes,

Most grievous Cryes, the Echoes as a Dart
And piercing Lance, wounds me unto the heart.

Oh! you on whom the glorious Sun doth shine,
Unto my Voice your open ear encline.

Jerusalem a substance doth possess,
Which can remove that bleeding Worm's distress.

The Liberal Hand is this day meet to measure
A Portion of the Consecrated Treasure,

For the Redemption of the Captivate,
From the Chains of his sore oppressed state.

Give ear ye Sons and Daughters to this WORD,
Unto *Jerusalem* Thus saith the LORD:

This WORD shall be his burthen which conceals,
and shuts himself up under Clouds, and seals

His Life and Portion in obscurity,
Starting from Zeal, the flame of Purity,

Relinquishing Life's motion, keeping back
The thing which the oppressed Seed doth lack.

Remember ye the Ancient Prophets race,
Whose life stood not at all in time or place,

But wand'ring as Pilgrims and as Strangers

In all the Earth, without respect of Dangers,

Some dragg'd to Suffrings, and to Tortures hurl'd,

Some slain, of whom worthy was not the World;

I'm directed to him, mov'd to partake

Of Tryal's pledge; whilst yet for the Seed's sake

Like as a Lamb I bleat, 'I bleed, I roar,

Like as a Lion in the Gate and Door,

The entrance of the Palace of the King,

Blowing my breath on ev'ry living thing.

Stand up thou simple, stagger not at all,

The Voice is GOD'S, which secretly doth call:

Yield unto Him, with whole affection bent,

The RACE is sure, thou run'st as him that's sent.

Ye called to the labour of the Day,

Take Instrument in hand, and come away

All Plowers, Planters, Pioneers and Miners,

With Reapers, Threshers, Fanners and Refiners,

Proceed in strength each one in his Vocation,
To see Redemption of the whole Creation,
You valiant Souldiers, which the Weapons wear
Of War, the Javelin, Darts, the Sword and Spear,
Appear as Champions in Earth's open field,
With Ensign, Standard, Buckler, Bow and Shield,
Unto the Battel let the Trumpet sound,
Avenge in Earth until the LOST be found,
Aim right and shoot the arrows of your Quiver,
To pierce Gog's Host unto the heart and liver;
And G O D Eternal with most high renown
Of Victory, all the Courageous crown.

Dear Brethren and Sisters in the Power,
Remembering You, I'm as a dropping sawre,
Mine yearning bowels like to Wax do melt,
Ah! let me by you all be seen and felt.
My Life salutes you with an Holy Kiss,
Transmitted by the Lips of Heaven's bliss.

Love clasps Life, with dear embraces

Of Vertue's arms in Joy and Pleasure,
Reading the sweetness of the Graces

Wrapt up in Life, Ah! heavenly Treasure.

To Life, as the Mate, of a Devil's hell;
I'm bound in unknown endless Love:

Let ev'ry Lamb

Of the true Dam

Read how your Life my soul doth move.

Thoughts are fixt fast in my breast,

Deeply anchor'd in my heart.

May it be said LOVE hath opposit:

Then you'r my wound: ah! piercing Darts.

Sure had not He which doth reveal

Your brightness, giv'n a Leaf to heal

My Maladies,

In counsel wise,

Death had on me set her seal.

D

Dear

Dear *Salutation* as *Embassage*

I send to *Heaven's* blessed *Host*,
Though not as if I had made *passage*,
Relinquishing sweet *Sion's* Coast,
But with you for ever bound

In *God's* Covenant profound,

And *Glorious* Day

Which leads the way,

And *saves* out of the *curst* ground.

Your *smell* is as a *fragrant* Flower,

Your *tast* more pleasant than *sweet* Wine,

I feel you in th' *Eternal* Power,

I see most clear your *faces* shine ;

Your *sound* as *Melody* mine ear

(Of *Cymbals*, *Lutes* and *Trumps*) doth bear,

The *piercing* Voice

Makes heart rejoyce,

And *Love's* clear eye to drop a *Tear*.

You'r *built* upon an *Holy* Mountain,

A *Glorious* Palace for the *King* ;

Your *Foundation* is *Life's* Fountain,

Angels beholding, *Praises* sing

To *GOD* uncessant all day long,

On *David's* tun'd Harp, the *Lamb's* Song.

Let *Nations* prove,

Hell cann't you move,

The *Wonderful* hath *built* you strong.

Roses, *Spices*, *Gems* and *Gold*,

To see all no *flesh* can pry,

Sion's *Treasure* vast untold,

Unutterable in mine eye,

You'r the *sum* which do possess

The *Sum* in everlasting bleis,

Most *High* Renown,

Your *mighty* Crown

Shall *Kings* and *Nations* to death press.

I bleis

I bless *Him* who gives to know

Counsels deep in his own way.

Sion's streams shall overflow

Earth's *Wide* compass in a day :

All shall yeeld encrease and store,

Creatures *trav'ling* in pain sore

Shall then be blest,

And not oppress,

Curse remov'd for evermore.

Feel my *yearning* bowels moved,

Which *Mortal* cannot comprehend,

Towards *You*, my *Dear* Beloved,

In that which never shall have end.

All which *GOD'S* own *Image* bears,

And the *Lamb's* white *Garments* wears

With *Virtue's* grace

Behold my face

As a ground of trickling tears,

Let me pierce the inward parts,

And provoke the souls of all

In the flames of burning hearts,

Which on *GOD* the *LORD* do call,

Whilst sweet odours do ascend,

To the *Father* recommend

Him of *Man* hated,

The *LORD'S* created,

Whose *Love* alone doth *Life* defend.

That no tender *Lamb* may bleat

After *Me* with other Voice,

GOD the *Father* I entreat

Than which makes my heart rejoyce.

Rest you all in the pure *Life*,

As the *Bride*, the *Lamb's* own *Wife*,

To live, or dye,

Given up as *Is*,

For *Truth* a *Sacrifice* most rise.

To the Seed of the Kingdom, Plants of the Paradise of
God: most purely and everlastingly beloved Brethren
and Sisters, in the Immortal Life. Congratulation.

CAN I forget that Womb whose Travels were
For me more grievous, than which flesh could bear?
Or bury in Oblivion's Grave, that Breast
Which suckled me? or Cradle of my rest?
Can I requite my Friends as deadly foes?
Or scorn the Bed of Heavenly Joys repose?
Or loath the Waters sweet, of Jacob's Well,
Like Sulphury streams of the infernal Cell?
Can I forget that Hand and living Bread,
VWhich in sore Famine freely hath me fed?
Or drown in Deeps the thoughts of God's own breath
To burst like Judas, strangled unto death?
Nay, for in GOD most merciful and just,
Abides my Confidence, Faith, Hope and Trust.
Ah! Sion, Sion, thy most glorious Life,
Is all to me, my Joy, I am thy Wife:
And therefore if I should make slight of thee,
Then all thy Good would be a sting to me;
Then would my Bowe against me surely bend,
And all my Darts into my Body send,
And all the pointed Arrows of my Quiver,
Would sorely stick fast in my Heart and Liver.
Then would my Sword which on my loins is bound,
Fall sharp on me, and leave a mortal wound:
Yea, then the Teeth of this my Instrument,
Would flesh from bones, and all my Internals rent.
My Honey would become as Rue and Gall,
And heav'nly showres like snares of Fire would fall
Upon my head; yea, then my pleasant Wine
Would be as molten Lead; and this streight Line
VWould mark out all, even as an equal due,
Which gives clear sight that God's most just and true.

The

The *Oyl* which burns within this *Lamp* of *Gold*,
 Would also me in flames of fire fold:
 For then would *Shiloh* all his currents make
 To me, like as the fiery burning *Lake*;
 Should I become like as a turning *Vane*,
 Then this my *Bread* would be my deadly bane.
 My *Marrow* would become like *Pitch* and *Tar*,
 In dreadful flames; yea, then the *Morning-Star*,
 Which hath reveal'd his glorious shining *Light*,
 Would gird me in the hideous howling night:
 But surely I to God's own *Mercy* have
 Committed all, whose *Grace* doth freely save;
 VVea^kness is mine, but strength's in God's own hand,
 By which alone in fear, I live and stand,
 In Baptism's fire, exceeding *John's*, who lead
 To *Jordan's* Deeps, whom *Herod* did behead.
 Ah! Babes most dear, with you in that I am,
 Which gives to see me as a patient *Lamb*,
 In pure Content, bearing the *Yoke* and *Cross*,
 Esteeming mortal, but as dung and dross;
 In taste of *Vertue*, of the heavenly *Seed*,
 At God's own *Table* with you all I feed;
 With each low worm in his proper measure,
 I drink a draught of the sweet *Wine* of pleasure,
 My soul in *Ardency* of Life doth say,
 I am as near you as the *Light* the *Day*.
 As firmly fixt, like flesh unto your bones,
 As in the Mountains solid *Rocks* and *Stones*:
 As real in you, though no flesh can see,
 As is the *Sap* in the green *Olive Tree*:
 I've chosen you like as the *Turtle-Dove*,
 To be dissolv'd in this most constant *Love*.
 I want the words of *Wisdom's* Deep profound,
 To shew how deep y^e are planted in this ground:
 What shall I say unto my heart within?
 Where canst thou end, but where thou didst begin?
 And there the *Rivers* run, exceeding measure,
 What shall I say of this my *Love's* vast treasure?

You

You have *much more* than this *weak hand* can write,
 For all is *yours* which Spirit doth *endite*;
 My Spirit's also *wish* and in *you all*,
 Who by the *same* are *saved* from the *fall*.
 Can I within me *lesse Affection* find,
 Than *Worms* or *Beasts*, who *love* their *proper kind*?
 Nay, *Lambs*, ye know in *living substance* well,
 That my *Brooks* *current*, mortal doth *excel*.
 For this my *Stream* towards the *Deep* doth *run*,
 As doth my *Flame* ascend towards the *Sun*.

No wise *Philosopher* did ever *know*
 The *moving Cause* why *Seas* do *ebb* and *flow*;
 Nor of them all which in their *Tombs* do *lye*,
 E're saw the *Love*, which *moves* the *Sun* to *fly*,
 In *course* most *swift* round *Heav'n's* widest *wheel*,
 But God's *Host* now the *Cause* and *Life* do *feel*.
 The *lesser* to the *greater* is well known,
 And each true *Nature* moves towards its own.
 Here's *Fire* below, the *greater Flame's* above,
 Till *twain* are joyn'd, they do *yearn* both in *Love*.
 Th'ore-whelming *Floods*, which on the *Earth* were sent
 In *Noah's* day, dropt from the *Firmament*;
 Besides, you see how *rainy Clouds* do bring,
 Refreshing *Showres* in pleasant time of *Spring*;
 And fills the *Fountains* which are here below,
 And still the *Streams* unto the *Seas* do flow,
 And all their *Tides*, wherein they alwayes *move*,
 Shew they've *affection* to the *Floods* above.

Now read me and my *Love*, which tongue *can't* *speak*,
 To you my *Life*, which *Death* nor *Hell* can *break*;
 Yet still I pray in fear, that God defend
 Me from the *ill*, and save me to the *end*.

And O ye *Branches* of the *Olive Tree*,
 Your *leaves* are *shades*, and *Fruit* is *life* to mee;
 God's *Wisdom* which surpasseth man's *devicts*,
 Hath built you as a *Bowre* of *fragrant Spices*.
 Your *Walks* are *Joyfulness*, and *Peace* your *Seat*,
 Your *Life* is *Bread* and *Wine*, and *Love* is *meat*;

My soul is planted in your holy ground,
 And here your flames of Love do me surround;
 And on your substance, which distills as drops
 Of heav'nly Dew, I feed like Honey-sops;
 Partaker with you in Community,
 Of good in God's House in the Unity;
 And in the Stem my Branch with you reposes,
 Which bears the Buds, and all the Damask-Roses;
 You are the Bed compos'd of heavenly pleasure
 Unto my soul, yea, God's peculiar Treasure.
 How purely run these most refreshing streams,
 In daily Visions, and Nocturnal Dreams;
 The Fulness verily is in the Father,
 Who doth our Minds into his Bosom gather,
 Like tender Chickens by the Clucking Hen,
 Whose Name be prais'd by Life, by Voice and Pen.
 Let me descend from Sion's glorious Mountain,
 To shew a Seed the Vale wherein's the Fountain;
 For surely I could freely lay down Life,
 With Blood, to buy a stranger for my Wife;
 For what's so purchas'd by joyn't-consent,
 Is as the Seed of Judah's saved Tent;
 VWhat? Forreigner, wouldst thou walk in in the way
 Of Life and Peace in this God's saving Day?
 Thy whole Affection must in substance bend,
 To that which brings to flesh a final end;
 And that from Darkness thou the Day mayst know,
 The Proud must bow down to the poor and low:
 For lo the Sun, which gives the Day her light,
 Remains below the Horizon all night.
 Such is the Principle and Spark in thee,
 Vail'd by Sin's Clouds, whereby thou canst not see
 To know the Poor, th'Oppressed, and his Cryes,
 VWithin thy Self, which in a Dungeon lies.
 Wherefore draw near unto the Earth's short end,
 To see the Day-star and the Sun ascend;
 For know thou whilst that thou dost there remain,
 Assuredly art bound in Death's black Chain;

And

And whilst thou dost from *Mountain* run to *Hill*,
 Seeking a *Stream* to drink thy *lustful-fill*,
 Arrive thou canst not unto *Jacob's Well*,
 For so thou run'st to ring a *broken Bell*:
 Stand still, I'll touch a *Stone* and thou shalt *know*,
 That *Waters* in thee out of it shall *flow*;
 In *Conscience* there's a *secret LIGHT* within,
 VVhich doth distinguish *Truth* from every *sin*;
 That is of *G O D* which judgeth works of *Evil*,
 And thoughts in *Man* mov'd of the tempting *Devil*;
 The *Soul* which faithfully its Judgment keeps,
 Shall know *Salvation* from the *Darkness* deeps:
 Then follows *Faith* and *Hope*, which gives alone,
 Th' *Internal Knowledge* of the *vermious Stone*,
 Out of which *Water's* pure of *Life* do *gush*,
 And in the same's conceal'd the *Burning-bush*.
 Then will his *River* run, and *Flames* ascend
 Of *heav'nly Vertue*, which shall never end.
 Remember *Man* the *LIGHT* within's the *Way*,
 From *Darkness* dwelling to the *Door of Day*;
 Which leads to *Fulness*, free from ev'ry *doubt*,
 Obey'd within, possess, but lost without:
 And therefore *Wanderer* at home retire,
 Lest that thou sink and perish in the *mire*.
 For that which leads *Man* from the *LIGHT* within,
 Spurs on the *Race* to end the *Life in sin*.
 And then of *sin* in which he *lives* and *dies*,
 Shall have his *Wage*; for as he *falls*, he *lies*.
 Yet still my *Heart* doth in my *Body burn*,
 Towards the *Doves*, to whose *Door* I return
 With *Corn in hand*, to spread before their *eye*,
 Upon the *Stage* whereto they daily *fly*:
 Which is the *place* whereon they *alwayes feed*,
 Amidst the *house* wherein their *young* they *breed*.
 To all the *Hungry* and the *Thirsty Lambs*,
 I'm *broken-Bread*, and *Wine* drawn out in *drams*.
 And of a *truth* it is my *soul's* sweet care,
 That every *Babe* may eat and drink a *share*.

My life in *Sion* would be *always* found
 Among the *Seed*, a *Salve* to every wound;
 And perfect *Medicine* to every grief,
 And to th' *Opprest* an *Arm* of good relief.
 Let not my *Love's heart* languish under sorrow,
 For lo thy *JOT* approacheth with the *Marrow*.
 The *YOKE* to *Self*, and *CROSSE* to *Flesh* fly never,
 That *DEATH* may *Dye*, and *LIFE* may *live* for ever;
 For, suffering *Sword* contentedly to *slay*
 The *Mortal*, thou in *Battel* win'st the *Day*;
 Then *Thine's* the *Standard*, and the *Ensign* spread,
 And thou in *Sion* know'st the *Ruling* head;
 Then *Peace*, then *Joy*, then *Pleasures* pure abound,
 And *Solace* sweet, as *Walls*, do thee surround:
 Then *Sobs* and *Grief* *GOD* from thy *Land* doth banish,
 And *Sighs* and *Sorrows* as a *shade* do vanish;
 Yea, of thy *Trouble* whilst thou wert *forlorn*,
 Remains not *thought*, for *joy* a *SON* is *born*.
 Wherefore, O *Plants*, wait in the *Spirit* meek,
 And in the *drouth* from *God* the *Show'rs* seek;
 In which *sweet* state you shall me *witnes* bear,
God's fulness feeds each *low heart* full of fear:
 Who doth *exalt* the *Spirit* of the *Humble*,
 But the *Exalted* from his *Seat* doth *tumble*.
 When as the *Woods* in *Summer* time are *green*,
 The *Thrush*'s tune is heard though she not *seen*
 By any *Mortal*, yet there is an *Eye*,
 Which sees how she from *Tree* to *Tree* doth *fly*,
 And doth perceive whence her *sweet* Notes *aspire*,
 And what's the *thing* her *life* doth most *desire*,
 Which is the *Book* wherein I read your *Race*,
 Beyond wide-*Lands*, *Sea*, *Time* and utmost *Space*.
 And here with you I *rest*, I *live* and *dwell*,
 Like *Silk-worms* hid in one wrought *case* and *shell*;
 Yea, lodged in a *secret* suckling *Breast*,
 Like as the *young ones* in the *Turtles* *Nest*.
 Dear *Lambs*, true number of the *Shepherd's* *stale*,
 As one by one I *hug* and *kisse* you all:

Remembring *you*, I drop like *molten Marrow*,
 Yea, rent, like *Fallow* torn with the *Harrow*.
 Ah! feel my *Bowels*, which like *Rain* distills,
 And runs like *Rivers* down the steepest *Hills*;
 Yea, touch my *paning heart* and thereby learn,
 My soul most frequent after you doth yearn.
 I'm Ravished beholding *Vertue's* graces;
 Of *Heaven's* Glory to o're-spread your faces;
 And cannot utter how my *deeps* abound,
 Of love to *you*, which in the *Life* are found.
 You'r at the *Fountain* pure, I plainly see,
 And so am I, yet still remember me:
 There in the *Spirit* of *Life*, *Joy*, and *Peace*,
 Pray for your *Brother*, pray and never cease;
 For I am *God's* and *Yours* in every *Trial*,
 The which you know full well without denial:
 So read me, *You*, *We*, *One*, through *Life's* infusion,
 In the first Principle, and last Conclusion.

Of JERUSALEM.

THy *Beauty* hath enamoured me in *Vertue's* Lodge of *Rest*,
 A flaming *Torch* thine eye may see of *Love* burns in my
 Thou art the *Stone* which doth my *Spirit* whet, (breast;
 Like as the *Razor* which is newly set:
 Ah! feed my *Edge* that's ground exceeding sharp,
 To feed thy *Vertue's* praise to *David's* Harp.

For as an *Host* in *Sion's* Coast,
 of much more strength than *Nations*;
 Thou dost arise before mine eyes,
 in all my *Contemplations*.

Here ends what was written in *Rome*-Prison
 of Mad-men.

To

To the Black Power.

OH Earth hear *this*, Oh Earth, thy *doleful End* and *Doom*,
 God comes to *sweep the Nations* in *dread* as with a *Broom*;
 His mighty *Day's* at hand, the *World* to *fan* and *purge*,
 To *visit* all the *Wicked*, with his sore *Plagues* and *Scurge*.
 Oh *Egypt*, *Sodom*, thy *Inhabitants* must know,
 The *Wind* and *Breath* of *GOD* over thy *Land* to blow,
 To *curse* th'*increase* of *Cattle*, and all which thou call'st *good*,
 Thy *Corn*, and *Wine*, and *Oyl*, and all *increase* of *Food*:
 And what one *Plague* doth leave, another shall *devour*,
 Till *seven Vials* of *Wrath* God on thy *Land* doth *pour*;
 Thy *Fountains* he'll *dry up*, like standing *Pools* of *mud*,
 Thy *Princes* fairest *Wells* also shall become *Blood*:
 The *Flower* of thy *Field*, the *Herb* and *Grass* that's *green*,
 The *Locusts* come to *eat* that none in thee be *seen*,
 God from thee all thy *strength* and *praise* will *rend* and *tear*,
 And *compass* thee *full sore*, with *trembling* and with *fear*:
 Thou would'st not let the *Holy Seed* free for to *go*;
 Therefore upon thee comes sore pangs of *Wrath* and *Wo*.
 Ye *Pharaohs* of the *Earth* saith *GOD*, What is your *Host*?
 Why say ye, *What is GOD*? Why do ye *vainly boast*?
 For *GOD* in *Righteousness* to *save* his *Seed* hath *sworn*
 Throughout the *Land* to *slay*, and *cut off* the *First-born*.
 You'r folded in the *thickness* of the *cloudy night*;
 Yet *GOD* for *Isr'el* hath prepar'd a *shining LIGHT*,
 Whose *Seed* he'll *lead* by *strength* and *pow'r* out of your *Land*,
 By his *out-stretched Arm* and mighty *dreadful Hand*.
 W O then at last when you the *SEED* pursue and follow,
 Saying *within your hearts*, This *Remnant* we will *swallow*:
 For there's a *Sea* that's set as *Walls* for their *Salvation*.
 A *Pit* for *Sodom's* fall, for *Egypt* thy *damnation*.

Read this your *doleful Doom*, you that in *darkness* dwell,
 The *portion* of the *Wicked*, the *burning Lake* and *Hell*.
 Your *curst* wicked *hearts*, have rob'd *GOD* of his *Right*,
 In that you've *chosen Lust*, and *hated* the *true Light*.

To the Seed of the Kingdom.

BUt Thou, O Holy SEED! a flame art in my breast,
 In whose sweet Life my soul hath its true Joy and Rest;
 Thy Life's a stream of Peace, which Consolation brings,
 And crowns with Glory more than Royalty of Kings.
 What shall I liken Thee unto, to shew thy love,
 Which stands in Innocency, like the spotless Dove?
 Stronger than all that can be nam'd, in which is breath;
 Thy Love, thy Light, thy Life, thy Love stronger than Death.
 Oh SEED! thou'rt Zion's Covenant, and wedded Band,
 Seal of Everlasting Marriage, given under hand;
 The Glorious Cloathing of the Lilly Field is thine,
 Brighter than Sun or Moon thy Countenance doth shine.
 The Nations of the Earth know not, nor can descry
 The Diadem, the depth of sight that's in thine Eye;
 With Thee I'm fill'd, I flow, I'm overcome with Love,
 I'm settled here in Thee, whom Nations cannot move,
 Saith Zion now which trav'ls, her Children forth to bring,
 That they may witness to the Glory of the King.
 Oh travel! full of travel! my soul cries out in pain!
 When shall I see Worm Jacob's rise from loss to gain?
 The time of Trouble's come, I'm overwhelm'd with Grief,
 Till Jacob's time doth come Redemption and Relief;
 The feeling of my sorrows, who's set to see mine hours
 Of Lamentations streams; like Brooks, falling like showers.
 Oh blessed yet, that I have feeling for to see,
 For Jacob's sake my travel, like a little Bee.
 Here I would dwell, if happily to see his birth,
 Rather than feast in Dive's house t'enjoy his mirth.
 Oh SEED thou'rt his Redeemer, when wilt thou his life raise?
 That he unto thy Name may be ev'lasting praise.
 And give him a Possession, as his perpetual right,
 T'inheret in the Land of Life, thy ternal Light.
 My head be thou lift up like a fiery Cloud,
 To Judgment and to Slaughter, of all the high and Proud;
 Oh!

Oh ! bend thy *Bow*, and shoot thine *Arrows* and thy *Dart*,
 And pierce the Wicked sore, and wound even to the heart ;
 Send forth thy dreadful *Voices*, by *Lightning* and by *Thunder* ;
 Astonish all the *Heathen*, and make the *Nations* wonder ;
 Feed them with *Terrors*, as thou dost thine own with *Bread*,
 And let the *Nations* feel thy *Vengeance* and thy *Dread*.
 Oh ! my right hand, draw out thy shining glitt'ring *Sword*,
 Smite all the *Shepherds* of the *Earth* with thy pure word.
 Gather thine own *Remnant* from *East*, *West*, *North* and *South*,
 From all the *Sluggards* and the *slumbering Shepherds* mouth.
 And bring thy *Seed* from *Death* and *Darkness*, to the *Day*,
 And from the *Voice* of such as have made them a prey ;
 Let nothing hinder now, but *work* and let none *let*,
 Set *Gins*, set *Snarles*, set *Traps*, to catch them in thy *Net*,
 They've slain and led thy *Seed* into *Captivity*,
 Reward them double the *Wages* of *Iniquity* ;
 Cut off, destroy, The *SEED* Cries utterly confound,
 Pluck up, spare not a *branch*, nor leave a *root* in ground ;
 That we the *least*, who are thine own, thine own *Creation*,
 May sing much *Praise* of Thee, the *LORD* of our *Salvation*.
 Let all the *Heavens* shout, for *BABYLON*'s undone ;
 Let all the *Earth* now fear, for her just *Judgment*'s come ;
 Her *End* is *Misery*, broken are her *Childrens* bones,
 For *GOD* hath seen it just, to dash them all 'gainst stones.

TO BABYLON.

THOU that didst sit as *Queen*, and couldest not then think
 Of this thine *hour* and *portion*, the *Cup* which thou must
 Thou then wert merry in thine heart, & couldest sup (drink)
Idolatri, but now the dregs of *Wrath*'s thy *Cup*.
 Thou didst not think when in thy *Lusts* thou wert full hot,
 The sealing up of *Veng'ance* to be thy last lot.

T.

To the Man of Lust.

YE sons of men, that live in Sin and Lust,
That is your Canker, it will eat like rust;
You that are ignorant of the Serpent's seed
Of Enmity, and what in you 'twill breed,

Hear this, and read the nature and the ground,
That you in the true Wisdom may grow sound,
To see the windings of the Serpent's path,
To flee his snares, and so escape the wrath,
Which on th'ungodly cometh, as a flood,
To sweep them all, from all, which they call Good;
And bring the end of sore perplexity
Upon all workers of Iniquity.

O man, incline thine ear to me, and read
The fruits of that corrupted ground and seed,
Which, as the plant of Satan, forth doth spring
Pride, Lust and Drunkenness, and all that's sin,
Whoredoms, Adulteries, Theft and all Evil,
Oaths, cursed Speeches, Lyes, works of the Devil;
All flattering Titles, smooth deceitful words,
Which wounds the Innocent, even as with Swords.
These are the fruits of that plant of corruption,
Which doth deceive the soul and bring destruction.
Read this the Issue, when that GOD at last
Blows over Fruit and Trees with his strong blast;
That is the SEED which in thine heart doth spring,
Telling thee what advantage Lyes do bring
Of the corrupted Mammon to thy store,
And how false Oaths encrease thee more and more;
Still that's the Seed which tells thee sure thou must
Have pleasure in this life, in Wine and Lust,
In these and all persuasions unto Evil
Working thy mind, that's the seed of the Devil.

And yet if thou wouldst wisely further know,
Thy heart's the ground in which that seed doth grow,

Which

Which seed must dye through breaking of the ground,
Else thou to Endless WO and WRATH art bound.

And now I inquire of you, what are your hopes
Which draw Iniquity, as with Cart-ropes?

What is the fruit of Hope, Life and Salvation?

And what's the ground in which is seal'd Damnation?

And you that live in Lust and full of mirth,

Declare your gladness by your life and birth;

And tell me, what's the Kingdom you possess

As Heirs and Lords? your own you may confess.

Tell me the end of all your Vanity,

Feasts, Sports, Games, Mirth, Musick and Melody?

What is your Love affected hearts delight?

To all this, if you can, answer the LIGHT,

And give Accompt, How comes the Increase with Curse

In Field, in House, in Basket, Store and Purse?

Answer the SEED, what is the End of all

Which live and dye in sin, even in the fall?

And thou that liv'st in sin whilst thou hast breath,

Consider well thy last end when comes death.

Come all you Sells and answer, What's the ground

In which Iniquity is alwayes found?

Put all your Worships forth in your best order,

And I will shew how you joyn and border

As Brethren, Neighbours, Nations, under one Power

Of Satan's Kingdom, DARKNESS, in one hour,

All link't in Sin together in a Chain,

Which is the substance of the Devil's Reign:

To that of GOD in Gentile and in Jew

This favoureth as Salt, this thing is true,

For what if you to all your forms are bound

Of Worship? yet you standing in one ground

Of Lust, of Sin, and Nature of Transgression,

That binds in Unity beyond Confession.

In substance there's but two, that's NIGHT and DAY,

Sin DARKNESS the broad one: LIGHT the true way.

And you in whom is love, and not of GOD,

You are to drink his Wrath, and feel his Rod.

If you've another *love*, then *G O D's* forgotten,
 Then the *Affection's* *lost*, the *Heart is rotten*,
 And that's not *sound* which wanteth *any part*:
 For *G O D* requires *whole Man, Mind, Spirit, Heart*,
 So this in *Man* is the *Iniquity*,
 Where's *fleshy love*, that's the *Idolatry*,
 For all that *stands* brought forth in the *first nature*,
 Sticks only *fast* to the *Lust* of the *Creature*,
 Here *G O D's* *unknown*, for in *man's heart* he's *hid*,
 The *World*, with which he's *snar'd* as in a *Net*,
 So that *G O D's* *Work* *Man* *knows* not, nor his *Way*,
 All which *G O D* brings to *pass* in his own *Day*,
 Nor can *find out*, although *his days* he *spend*,
 In *seeking*, from *beginning* to the *end*,
 So all you that are in the *History*,
 Read if you can, and reach this *Mystery*,
 The *Life* that's hid in bottom of the *Deep*,
 What's that? and where's the *place* that *Virgins weep*?
 Because that of their own *Affinity*,
 With them, hath *lost* the *Life* of *Unity*,
 Do you know what the swelling *Seas* devour,
 On which the *Heavens* once did *smile*, and *showre*
 Down drops of *pleasant Rain*, and made it *spring*,
 Like to a *Lilly-flower* for the *King*?
 The *Wilderness* whereto the *Woman* fled,
 What's that? how *lodg'd* *S H E* in a *secret bed*,
 To keep her *Innocency* undefil'd,
 That she the *Lamb's Wife* justly might be *stil'd*?
 From all the *unconverted* and *unheal'd*,
 The *Myst'ries* of *G O D's* *Kingdom* are all *seal'd*,
 From *Ignorant* and *learned* in the *World*,
 That in *Invention* so and *fro* are *hurl'd*.
 The *Parable* is brought for all to see,
 The *Unlearned* saith, this is *too hard* for me;
 The *Learned* saith, to me it's *also seal'd*:
 By which I know they yet remain *unheal'd*.
 Some in their time have *swollen* like the *Sea*,
 And chose them *paths*, even what their hearts did *please*.

To the Apostatized.

41

Invention up did spring, and they were bound,
In *Chains* of *blackness*; and cast to the ground;
For they a *work* among them had begun,
BABEL to build to mount above the *Sun*.

To the Apostatized.

TO them which heard the sound of *GOD's* great *DAY*,
And came to see the straits of the *WAY*,
And own'd the *Testimony* of the *LIGHT*,
Confessing it which gave them the *true* sight
Of all *Sin*, *Evil*, and *Ungodliness*,
And saw some cleansing from their filthiness:
But turning to their *Vomit* like the *Dog*,
And to the *Mire*, like to the *unclean Hog*,
Thy *Judgment's* just to *Wo* and *Misery*,
Being double wrought under *Iniquity*.
Remember how thy heart and mind did grudge,
To give up *Life* and all; which *GOD* will judge;
For thou unto the *World* in their distrust
Art joyn'd, to *crave* and *seek* to feed thy *lust*:
And here thou say'st thou *sin'st*, and 'tis thy *grief*,
Hopeless of cleansing here, in *Unbelief*.

But mark the end of all that live and dye in *sin*,
I tell thee their sad *doleful doom*, *Death* is their *sting*.
Nations, *Professors* all in *sin* bound in a *bundle*,
Like as the sheaf of *Tares*, *GOD* in the *Lake* will *tumble*.

To the simple Seeker.

THOU that dost *pant*, as one in *want*,
and earnestly dost *look*,
Like as the *Roe*, in places low
to find the *Water-brook*,

F

In

In travel *great*, in pain and sweat
 the *River* for to find,
 To bath and cool, in the *fresh Pool*,
 like as the *Hart* and *Hind*.

I see thy face, thou seek'st for *Grace*,
 my *Lilly Seed* come prove,
 Whilst it is day, I'll shew the *Way*,
 the *LIGHT's* my Joy and Love.

Oh he which *hath*, trodden in this *path*,
 hath seen the *glorious Mountain*,
 Which from whose *top*, Springs fall and drop,
 this is the *endless Fountain*.

No longer think, but come and drink,
 refresh thee with the *good*;
 It's pleasant *Wine*, of the *true Vine*,
 the *substance* of all food.

Be no more *lost*, as one that's *lost*;
 but come unto the *LIGHT*,
 Which shews *mens deeds*, to be but *weeds*
 which grow in time of *Night*.

And that *within*, which shews thy *sin*,
 if thou lov'st it *sincere*,
 Awe and fear *GOD*, and love his *Rod*,
 from *sin* it will thee clear.

Be at a *beck*, when *LIGHT* doth check
 the *secrets* of thy *mind*;
 Let it *reprove*, joyn thou in love,
 and so true *Peace* thou'lt find.

Do not *gain-say*, but still obey
 the *Motions* of the *LIGHT*;
 Through *Fire* to come, as one that's *won*
 against *Deceit* to fight.

And

And thou wilt rest, as at the breast,
sucking the *Milk* of pleasure,
The Babe to nourish, the Life to flourish,
this is th'everlasting Treasure.

So in this hour, dwell in the Power
which all the *World* doth chain,
Prosper in th' *Light*, conquer in fight,
and in *Dominion* reign.

To the Babes of Blessing.

TO my dear pleasant *Babes* and *Lambs*,
Skipping like *Rams*
over the *Little Hills*,
Like leaping *Roes* on Mountains high,
as *Doves* do fly
whom *Innocency* fills.

My *Life* and *Spirit* doth you greet,
and with you meet
in the sweet *Fields* of pleasure,
The *Garden* where the *Roses* grow,
and *Waters* flow,
the *Husbandman's* own *Treasure*.

When I beheld the lovely *streams*,
and the *Sun beams*
which cometh from on high,
The shining *Glory* of the *Sun*,
which you have won,
unto the *LORD* so nigh.

I'm fill'd beyond what words can measure,
with *Virgins's* Treasure
of *Love* to *Virgins* pure,

Who were in many Tempests tost,
 and yet not lost,
 which dwell in Sion sure.

Who knows the Ships path in the Sea?
 So is your way,
 where Lions cannot tread,
 In which you witness strength and skill,
 to wound and kill
 and bruise the Serpent's head.

Oh Lambs the fairest of all Flocks,
 upon you drops
 all Blessing from above,
 Fresh streams of Oyl upon your head;
 lay'n in the Bed
 of Everlasting Love.

Myrrh, Frankinsence and Alwice,
 sweet Wine and Spice,
 and all that the Earth yeelds,
 Herbs, Flowers, Milk and pleasant Trees,
 Honey of Bees
 is Yours, in Woods and Fields.

Oh! holy Land full of the Seed's encrease,
 which cannot cease
 multiplying to the store;
 Being seal'd in Covenant and Band,
 given under hand
 to this for evermore.

SIONS ORATION.

S Aith Zion, all the Gold which Mountains hide
 In all the compass of the World so wide,
 And all the substance which the swelling waves
 Have swallowed in her Womb, like as the Graves;

All precious Stones and Pearls, cover'd with Rocks,
Hid under rotten roots of stumbling-blocks :
All pure Silver that lyes deep in ground,
The time approacheth it must all be found.
Arise, fair Daughter, gather quick and bring
The Consecrated Substance to the King.
And all ye sons, which Zion's womb did bear,
Take Instrument in hand, work without fear
Of Wolf, Fox, Tigre, Bear, or Lion ;
For GOD is the Salvation of Sion,
Till that be finish't which GOD hath decreed,
The Restauration of his Holy S E E D.
Come, hunt the Wolves, and Wild-beasts of the Wood,
Which slew the Lambs, and feasted on their Blood ;
For they'r appointed in all times hereafter
For starving, restless pangs of death and slaughter.
Now GOD in Judgment comes to reprove Kings,
To shew their Counsels like as foolish things,
VWho seek with bryars and thorns to stop the way,
Which GOD by's Breath will burn in a day.
Mark this your End ye Possherds, GOD will rent
Your Kingdoms ; wherefore prize time and repent.

The Babe's breathing to his Brethren.

MY Sisters Sion's daughters joyn'd in band
In Unity in th' Heaven's swadling band,
Which binds the World with Clouds, as under chains,
There stands your Glory where the Eternal reigns.
Our Mother bare her Children in much pain,
In th' house where Judgment separated twain,
Slaying the Seed of enmity and strife,
The Seed of Promise to inherit Life ;
And brake the Covenant with Death and Hell,
Under which, all the World, the Seed did sell.
Shout, shout ye Sons, and fright the World, which boast
Themselves in the great number of their Host.

Oh!

Oh! Heav'n's declare, and let the World wonder,
 Strike Terror in the hearts of all their number:
 Let all their Consolation fade and quail,
 And let their strength in day of Battel fail:
 You in whose mouth the Word of Judgment stands,
 Lade all the World with WO, and fill their hands,
 Utter your Voice and let the Thunders rattle
 Through Elements and Air, sound to the Battle
 The Trumpet of the dreadful LORD of Hosts
 Among the Nations, throughout all their Coasts.
 The DAY of God's at hand, the LIGHT's his Word;
 GOD comes with Fire, Plague, Famine and with Sword,
 To plead with all flesh, living in Corruption,
 Upon their heads to bring swift fierce Destruction.
 Here I am set one of the living number,
 A Sign in Egypt, to Sodom's brood a Wonder.
 GOD's Pow'r with His, is like a Fort of Steel,
 My Brethren in the Life you may me feel;
 For I am with you all under your Deep,
 Where all the Fishes swim, and Worms creep
 Where Turtle-Doves do fly with out-stretch't wing,
 And where you hear the little Lark to sing,
 In that hid path, which all the World's Line
 Can't justly measure, to the End of Time,
 Even in that Bed where every soul is blest,
 I'm wrapt in fold for ever, for to rest
 With you, in all conditions to hold fast,
 That of the first in him, who is the last.

From Venice Lazzaretta,

J. P.

When the Fountains of the Deep were broken open,
 I was in the Valley of the Mountain, and then
 I was moved to make mention of the Streams
 thereof.

T H E E N D.

